

# TIME IS BLOOD

jim leftwich  
2007

## WATCHTOWER

combs practical whistling garbage  
cans all along jehovah's witnesses  
to evolving crimes against  
humility humanity humiliated  
at the stations crosshatched fire,  
kill the women and rape the  
men said cromwell, medals  
flash and surge before  
the cameras and the congress, we  
clash and urge like mirrors  
of the metrics, commodities  
shine bending near the  
storm. too big to threaten skies in  
the skinny banks converted  
volume, you can't make this shit up.

10.19.07

## CURIOUS

curiosity fed the cat. down  
the street i thought no  
one wants to stay up  
later than the permanent  
burning shore. in the belly  
of the least among the  
middle of the bus no one  
had already left the  
register unattended. love  
it or leave it, he said,  
speaking of what, family  
town county state region  
country planet cosmos. i  
couldn't leave long and  
far enough alone. nozzle  
nor department bottle  
bicycles around the turtle  
to traffic furniture for  
a pancake blooming fries.  
curious didn't feed the cows.

10.19.07

## PSYCHOSIS

bankrobbers club converges  
on pissed church splashes  
proof spoofs taught certain  
books revolve, settled now,

so much for pieces in sour  
crime and the warmth  
to blend all warts.

guns people don't people  
kill people people,  
people kill kill kill people  
kill.

we went home and found

the shower aloud settled  
in my bed.

10.19.07

## DAMAGE

discontinuous escape from memories whole  
garbage and nose noise nevertheless only  
one way out once wheels on fire and  
flowing against the river, you never  
forget your first earthquake or  
your first handcuffed grill  
in the alley drunk and  
holding blow.  
arrest and develop the privatized body count  
across the plumbing askew including  
carrots and residential hurricane  
baklava, electric squirrel  
prescription, taking  
off the gloves and  
putting on  
the dog.  
kill them all and account god their collateral.

10.19.07

## A TRAP

decay collateral smokes risen in chains  
practiced debris, so much younger thin  
and colder than that noun, stripped at  
our turquoise cousins tortured pretends  
preteens lathe constructed jesters culled.  
who says you can't sputter two objections  
in the same palace at the same time? we  
felt green squares from an english séance  
in the nineteenth century. down the road  
come a junko partner, fluorescent thunder

and hugo ball, in strategic urban violence  
mobiles, nights darker than weak thought.  
in pride jesus marriage gay abortion flags  
hospital encounter hunches football enter  
june birth bugs control like pianowire traps.

10.19.07

## CURTAINS

serial drop-outs behind the cars  
vertical calendar, myself nor a  
circus of planes explode dollars  
sun over beaches, wake to the  
sound of sirens in their distance.  
these colors don't ruin home run  
restaurants sign our pockets and  
melt inner the frozen skies acidic  
horizons junk mail denies. oracle  
again against cash buildings bud  
shades on the corner trump. eye  
in the kitchen a method of wavy  
curtains to screed the call. what  
were you looking for a wily thief  
wizards of ozone cranked & shaft?

10.19.07

## SOME NEWS

sink hands the stories a  
window oozes, dash slat  
the lilies pill noon tea in  
the soaking chair, thief  
left side of mourning as  
boredom the knee seeps  
along a telephone about  
now or fridays week we  
water the television, chin

speed in the mirror crook  
all the dues at pit to print.  
tactical memories of wars  
forgotten ideological shirt  
mires heroic clotting thee  
walnuts machine teeth as  
absolved power corrodes  
absolutely, behind the bag  
at second for the force out.

10.19.07

ONE

record fully, if an idea event  
code attention attempt  
language, intentions  
emotional accumulate, then

untied we stand, shredded  
bumperstickers like  
memories of  
diaries,

remember consciousness with what  
experience of experience, the  
fighting never stopped.

10.17.07

TWO

there is a war between mind  
desire eaten business  
and traditional  
fantasy

those who say there is a war  
between description  
and periphery

and those who say there is  
no war between practice  
and indifference

if you aren't cheating  
you aren't trying  
to refuse history  
is to emerge

in space as food  
and further  
plotted.

10.17.07

THREE

bound walk returns mounted  
narrative, day after  
roll after row,

maybe they were right, cast  
core by sea bell horrors,  
asleep in the shallow

dawn. you have too much  
time on your hands  
(time is blood).

work is war and money  
is peace in the coffins  
of the meek.

10.17.07

## FOUR

gradual alchemical wedge source  
of myself descended, no more  
hidden hinges in the rehearsals  
of the ghosts.

dead sliced roses foam in the  
detuned air. crux muscle coils.  
freedom is not a free lunchbox.

annihilation chronological horizon  
performs improbable navigates  
secret listens while images stop.

10.18.07

## FIVE

avalanche oceans receptacle  
at the center of proportional  
birds vein customary pebbles  
as you are thinking about it  
it rises and fails in a rhythm  
of eaten design venom forms.

disappointment awaits  
the weary optimist on  
his eyes advertisement:  
buy one freedom get  
another freedom free.

full simple endless embrace.  
visions cells and pleasures  
eat. sweat the details doom.

10.18.07

SIX

nothing left to collapse under  
the grandfathered wolves, too  
loose resistances extend among  
things happen remember alone.  
just another food conscience  
drunk on apples over waterfalls  
down and count bets up against  
the fall, calm as any vegetable.

we like our verbal paradise  
freedom's just another word  
for nothing bereft to choose  
we like our verbal perversion  
been here, done what (spliced  
apples to wolves, like weave  
halve somewhat better to dot)

10.18.07

SEVEN

straight outta hearts  
ache of clubs  
king of kings  
queen of dairy  
jack of shit  
ten o'clock  
live free or die free  
be pokerfaced & free  
your ass up the ante

10.18.07



EIGHT

wanted to leave infections stink  
themselves relics at risk and rust  
and ruins on the floor, too late  
now, cute motherfucking sweet  
heart, murder beneath the mix.

free your mind and your ass will  
follow talking about nuclear war  
talking out your free ass about  
nuclear war nuclear war nuclear

family cracking the necessary  
secret drills whole luminous  
immersed children in a circle.

10.18.07